# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Constellations of the Redeemed." (Preached at Winfield, Kansas.)

TEXT: "They that turn many to right coursess shall shine as the stars forever and ever."-Daniel xii., 3.

Every man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better making it worse, on the Lord's side or the or making it worse, on the Lord's side or the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment: and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some good that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have by the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me to stand here

and, by elaborate argument, prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! Crash! The only question now is, By what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer inny the fragments be reconstructed?

I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future

ay for so doing.
First—We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child, coming from a filthy home, was taught at school to wash its face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came And when the father of the household came home, and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart, and Christian cheerfulness in his face, and holy consistency in his hebayior, is a perpetual sermon: and in his behavior, is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the bet-ter. There are honest men who walk down Wall street, making the teeth of iniquity chatter. There are happy men who go into a sick room, and, by a look, help the broken bone to knit, and the excited nerves drop to calm beating. There are pure men whose presence silences the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest the tongue of uncleanness. The mightiest agent of good on earth is a consistent Christian. I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth, of calfskin or morocco, but I like it better when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into the world—a Bible illustrated. Courage is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a man with all the world against him confident as though all the world were for him. Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to read about; but rather would I find a man in the midnight welking

by the charm of a bright example! When, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a General rose in his stirrups and wavering, a General rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting:
"Mon, follow!" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to others to advance amount to nothing so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of "Men, follow!" Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten

straight on as though he saw ever thing. Oh, how many souls have been turned to God

as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraphic may dart a message under the sea to anot he continent; nor can we, with our small intel-lect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at 11 o'clock in the morn-ing. You telegraph to New York, and the message gets here at 6 o'clock in the same morning. In other words, it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the read hear." To overtake a loved one on the road you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the capstan before he winds the rope around it, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel plows on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be shel-tered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward London pounds. He turned his tace toward and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion tamer. It reached up and took the sun by its golden bit and stopped it. We have a lyet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American church will pray with its face toward the west, and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the gaming table, and go down right up from the gaming table, and go down to the wharf to find out which ship starts first for America. Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering, and guessing, and experimenting. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and takes the same saw and hammer, and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with these warpons of prayer, but when we come these weapons of prayer. but when we come to the stature of men in sesus carrist, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in some earnest prayer. Would God that, in the desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent.

We may turn many to righteousness by

Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stop to-day. Between this and your place of sopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuffle, is not what is wanted, but the heartthrob of a man in dead cornect. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock sixteen hundred feet high and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take the Artillery and sappers and miners and it. Artillery, and saprers and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men, reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it to rock, and surrunded by an ocean of

transgression, under Christian bombardment may be made to boist the flag of redemption. But is ail this admonition and prayer, and Christian work for nothing? My text promises to all the faithful eternal luster. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

As stars, the redeemed have a borrowed light. What makes Mars and Venus and Jupiter so luminous? When the sun throws down his torch in the heavens the stars pick up the scattered brands and hold them in procession as the queen of the night advances; so all Christian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light bortransgression, under Christian bombardment

vances; so all Caristian workers, standing around the throne, will shine in the light bor-rowed from the Sun of Righteousness—Jesus in their faces, Jesus in their songs, Jesus in their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a their triumph. Christ left heaven once for a tour of redemption on earth, yet the glorified ones knew he would come back again. But let him abdicate his throne, and go away to stay forever, the music would stop: the congregation disperse; the temples of God be darkened; the rivers of light stagnate, and every chariot would become a hearse, and every bell would toll, and there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would not be room on the hill sides to bury the dead of the great metropolis, for there would be pestilence in heaven. But Jesus lives, and so all the redeemed live with Him. He shall recognize them as His comrades in earthly toil, and remember what they did for the honor of His name and for the spread of His kingdom. All their prayers and tears and work will rise before Him as He looks into their faces, and He will divide His kingdom with them; His peace their peace; His holiness—their holiness; His joy—their joy. The glory of the central throne reflected from the surrounding thrones, the last spot of sin struck from the Christian orb, and the entire nature a tremble and a-flash with light, they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light indestars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world shows its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the nized, as greatly celebrated, as if in nized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he was the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illuseach Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievements adhering to each one; his self denials, and pains, and services, and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the inscripmond and you will find there six thousand graves, over each one of which is the inscrip-tion, "Unknown." The world does not retion, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek, and brow, and foot, and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever. Again, Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and

squadrons and fleets, sailing through im-So Christiam workers in heaven will dwell So Christiam workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters. I am sure that some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour, anxious lest they should lose their dignity. But they loved God, and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I shall not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small hearted Chistians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle and blaze like Mars, these asteriods dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs. Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs.
of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they
go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society. Yonder is a constellation
almost merry with the play of light. On earth
they were full of sympathies and songs, and they were full of sympathies and songs, and tears and raptures and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heatt broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! Constellation of joy! Galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet and whoel last sail in the wake of that fleet and wheel

the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands

sisters—they take hold of each other's names and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The words do not straggle off. They go in

and ever!
Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swittness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star most thoroughly fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world crag, and finds no star standscope for an Alpine stock, leaps from world crag to world crag, and finds no star standing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore and he hound to from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go, wing and wing, age after age, forever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse, under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and as he passes the four heaft exists the nearth in such quick heat. hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves fifty-four thousand miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand Yonder, Neptune flashes on eleven thousand miles in an hour. Yonder, Mercury goes one hundred and nine thousand miles in an hour. So, like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear So, like the stars, the Christian worker shall shine in swiftness of motion. You hear now of father or mother or child sick one thousand miles away; and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in the fulfillment of the text, take starry speed and he agual to one hundred. starry speed, and be equal to one hundred thousand miles an hour. Having on earth thousand miles an hour. Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London, and its spirit must be taken up to God: you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. rested from going into that gate of sin: you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. Alf space open before you, with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shall shine in margitude. The most illiterate

shall shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles lings, and at the bottom of the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his groundry, and waighed world against undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measur-ing line, and announced that Herschel is thirty-six thousand miles in diameter. Saturn seventy-nine thousand miles in diameter and Jupiter eighty-nine thousand miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of joy: and the weakest saint in clory becomes greater than all that we can

glory becomes greater than all that we can now imagine of an archangel. Brethren, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory the shall circumscribe everything! We shall shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you will get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall the stars, all christian workers that look

shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Chal-dean shepherds. The meteor that I saw flash-

ing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat him. When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greated us on our way to church worlds that greeted us on our way to church

In Independence Hall is an old cracked bell that sounded the signature of the Declara-tion of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night ring out with as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging the white lines that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries.

The star at which the mariner looks tonight was the light by which the ships of Tarshish were guided across the Mediterranean and the Venetian flotilla found its way into the starter.

into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright to-night as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. To the ancients the stars were symbols of eternity. But here the figure of my text breaks down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of down—not in defeat, but in the majesties of the judgment. The stars shall not shine for ever. The Bible says they shall fall like autumnal leaves. It is almost impossible for a man to take in a courser going a mile in three minutes; but God shall take in the worlds, flying a hundred thousand miles an hour, by one pull of his little finger. As, when the factory band slips at nightfall from the main wheel, all the smaller wheels slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they slacken their speed, and with slower and slower motion they turn until they come to a full stop, so this great machinery of the universe, wheel within wheel, making revolution of appalling speed, shall by the touch of God's hand slip the band of present law and slacken and stop. That is what will be the matter with the mount-tains. The chariot in which they ride shall halt so suddenly that the Kings shall be halt so suddenly that the Kings shall be thrown out. Star after star shall be carried out to burial amid funeral torches and burning worlds. Constellations shall throw ashes on their heads, and all up and down the highways of space there shall be mourning, mourning, mourning, because the worlds are dead. But the Christian workers shall never quit their thrones—they shall reign forever and ever. If, by some invasion from hell, the attempt were made to carry them off into captivity from heaven, the souls they have saved would rally for their defense, and all the angels of God would strike with their scepters, and the redeemed, on white horses of victory, would deemed, on white horses of victory, would ride down the foe and all the steep of the sky would resound with the crash of the

# TEMPERANCE.

Work and Wishes.

If the farmer in the spring time Sighed, I wish my seed was sown, Never raised his hand in labor, But just sat him down to moan, Should you wonder if the summer Found no harvest on the plain; Should you say 'twas Heaven's doings That he had no field of grain?

If the woodman in the forest If the woodman in the forest Sighed, 'I wish these trees were down,' And then spent the time in pleasure Till the green leaves turned to brown, Should you marvel if the labor Seemed progressing rather slow.
Should you say that Heaven willed it
And the thing could never go?

Then, oh, temperance men and women Will it help the matter any To sit down and wish, I pray? Cast your seel, then look for harvest, Thin the army of the foe, Do the work that lies around you, And the cause won't move so slow. G. W. Cook, in Battle Axe for Temperance

Pa Broke the Black Bottle. The Macon, (Ga.) Telegraph tells the fol-owing true story, that "would fitly adorn a

temperance lecture:"

Happening into a millinery store, the reporter noticed a lady who was buying a hat for her little girl. The child made herself sociable with him, and remarked, prattling artlessly:—"We dot lots o' money now."
"Where did you get it my little girl?"
"Papa broke the bottle."

"Papa broke the bottle."

This called for an explanation on the pother's part, and she finally related how fer intemperate husband had been reformed five years before, at the time their oldest boy died. This is the tale she told, beginning—as many a reform has begun—at a loved one's death-bed:

"The little fellow slowly turned his eyes towards his father and said: 'I'm going to die, papa, for I see the angels beckoning me to come. This is Christmas morning, papa; please let me see what Santa Claus put in my stocking."

"My husband went to the mantel and took down the little stocking. It was empty. He stood still and glared at it a moment, and God only knows the agony of his heart in that short time. He turned to speak, but our boy would not have heard him, had the poor man's breaking heart allowed him utterance. Our boy was dead!

"The day before New Year's my husband called for the whisky bottle. May God forgive my feelings at that time, for I wished that he, too, was dead. I obeyed him mechanically.

mechanically.
"To my surprise he took the bottle in his

hands, and pouring the whisky on the ground said: 'I will drink no more; and the money I would spend for whisky we will put in this bottle, and all enjoy the contents. "You can imagine how happy I was! He

had sworn off many times before, but I knew he was in earnest this time. We made a cal-culation, and estimated that whisky cost him five dollars a week.

"Well it was decided to put five dollars a week in the bottle, for five years, come what

"The time was out last New Year's day, and the big black bottle was broken and it contained one thousand dollars. But this was not all. We saved enough in that time outside of the bottle to buy a little homo.

"But are you not afraid, in breaking the bottle, your husband will break his resolu-

tion also:

"No, because we have started another bottle-bank." said the lady with a happy smile,
The husband is a Macon mechanic, well known, and enjoys the respect and esteem of all. He says he never knew how much gen-uine pleasure there was at home with his loved ones until he got sober enough to ap-preciate it, and fill instead of empty the

Temperance News and Notes. Every member of the Sparta, Wis., High School graduating class—seven girls and two boys—wears the white ribbon.

Of the 2100 inmates of the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, during the past ten years, only five have died. James Mewbert, of Oakland, Cal., when locked up for an uproarious drunk, made a pyre of his clothes, and laying himself upon it set it on fire "to roast the devils out of

Young man, the next time you raise the poison bowl to your lips, reflect that drunk-enness begins with moderate drinking, that it is the father of nearly all crime done in the In each minute in the United States, night

and day, all the year round, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12,036 throats, and 4830 bushels of grain have come Children of the Methodist Sabbath-schools of New Brunswick pledge themselves to ab-stain from the use of intoxicating liquors, the reading of bad books and the use of pro-

fane language. Twelve years ago an English farmer de-termined to abolish the practice of giving beer to hands in hay and harvest time, and has talls the Lordon Arrival to the and he te'ls, the London Agricultural Gazette, he "would not revert to it if it cost double in money payment," neither, he ventures to think, would any one else, "the benefit is so

great. Whisky and its attendant evils, the Drovers' Journal observes, bring much money loss to stockmen, "which is charged to bad markets, etc.," and our contemporary expresses the safe opinion that after the expresses the safe opinion that after the mothers, wives and sisters are permitted to express their views at the ballot box, it won't be long before the people will cease paying nine hundred million dollars into the liquor

The amount of liquors consumed for elever The amount of iquors consumed for eleven years in the United States, from 1860 to 1871 inclusive, was 2,000,762,000 gallons. The cost to the consumer was \$6,780,261,805. If put in wagons—ten barrels to the wagon—they would extend 45,560 miles, nearly twice around the earth, or half way to the moon.

# A FIERCE CONTEST.

A FURIOUS BATTLE BETWEEN SHARKS AND ALLIGATORS.

The Ocean Bloodhounds Attack the 'Gators-How the Rush was Avoided - Survivors Two Sharks and One 'Gator.

Last week, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a contest was witnessed by a hunting party, on the Indian River, Florida, that they describe as being exciting in the extreme. While fishing at the mouth of a small creek their attention was suddenly attracted by a furious splashing and plunging in the water about a quarter of a mile from shore. Hastily pulling up their anchor they rowed out to investigate. On reaching the scene of disturbance they saw, to their astonishment, five or six alligators and as many "man-eating" sharks engaged in a deadly fight. The maddened brutes were too frenzied with rage to notice the spectators and a good view was had of the affray.

The sharks, from appearances, had

come up unawares on the saurians and had taken them by surprise. Two of the latter had lost ea h a foreleg. But they were all fighting furiously, snapping at the sharks with their ugly, wide opened jaws and using their tails to as good an advantage as possible. But they seemed desirious of getting away from the maneaters, and at every chance they moved further out into the river. However, the wondering spectators, who thought the 'gators were afraid of their opponents, soon saw that the saurians knew a thing or two. A few rods further on the water shoaled to some three feet or less, and gliding on to this the 'gators seemed to be perfectly satisfied. The sharks were rather bothered by this state of affairs at first, as they preferred deep water, where they could dive and turn over, in order to get their cruel, big mouth fixed on a choice bit of alligator flesh. The latter, as soon as they reached this shallow place, remained quiet, only watching their foes, who swam round and round them, unable to make a decisive blow. The blood flowing from the wounded 'gators seemed to make the sharks fairly crazy, however, and in a few moments they plunged in ferociously, with wide open jaws.

The scene that ensued, say the eyewifnesses, was beyond all description. The two were about evenly matched, and each animal seemed to select one particular antagonist and engage in a deadly embrace. The ocean bloodhounds endeavored to

seize the forepaws of the 'gators, while the 'gators, fully aware of the powerful jaws of their antagonists, carefully avoided their rushes, and, in turn, with awful openness of jaw, tried to secure a mouthful of shank steak. The two dashed at one another in the wildest kind of fury, their eyes gleaming with fero-ciousness and anger, while the tails of ciousness and anger, while the tails of the saurians threshed the water into white foam in their wild sweeps at their foes. The crunching of bones, the tear-ing, ripping sound of giving flesh and the sullen roars of pain and rage from the wounded 'gators all combined to render the combat most exciting. The sharks seemed to be fully aware of the folly of trying to cut through the thick, mail-like armor of their opponents, and like skilful gladiators, tried to upset the gators, so as to get at their soft, unprotected under sides. But this the latter resisted with all their might, hugging the sandy bottom close and raising high their heads, with open jaws, displaying sets of long, cruel-looking teeth as they

snapped at their opponents.

The sharks made frequent feints, dashing in ferociously, checking themselves within a foot, as it seemed, of the noses snapped at them, attempting to dodge in under their jaws and seize their forepaws, which is one of the 'gators most vulnerable parts. Several of them succeeded in this, and then the combatants would become almost invisible in the foam raised by the furious struggle of the two mighty denizens of the water. If the shark missed, the saurian's powerful jaw would lescend upon the shark's back, and his cruel teeth would be imbedded into the flesh, and then, with a snap and a jerk, the sickening sound of tearing flesh would be heard, as a huge piece would be torn out of the plunging

and furious fish. The blood from the wounded animals dved the waters red for rods and its taste seemed to render the combatants perfectly wild with fury. Their rushes became more and more furious, and it seemed to be a fight to the finish only to end with the death of all. The indi- of these are long, slender trunks of vidual cases were remarkable for their ferociousness. Here was seen a 'gator in a semi-ludicrous situation, half sitting as it were, with his head and fore legs out of the water uttering roars of rage as he endeavored vainly to grasp the shark in his jaws, while his long claws were ripping up the latter in a manner that made him thresh and chura the water with his flail in a most violent manner. The shark had forced his way under the gator and by seizing him in an unprotected part of his body had him at his

Near by would be seen a huge maneater struggling to break away from the fierce grip that his enemy had secured on his shoulder, the flail-like tails of both and the huge fragment of shark, baked raising columns of water high in the air. The gator held on with a bulldog grip, his nery eyes gleaming as i he enjoyed the fun, while every now and then he would savagely shake his victim as a cat would be seen to have secured good holds, each engaged in tearing huge mouthfuls of flesh from his antagonist, their fury and anger seemingly increased by the pain from their wounds. Still another shark had forced his way under a huge old 'gator, and had managed to get a good hold on his tail in his massive jaws: the other had seized the shark's tail in his own capacious jaws, while his and ordinances happen to meet with the sharp claws were ripping up the maneater in the most approved style. Both were threshing their tails furiously in the vain endeavor to get rid of their antagonist, but it seemed a case like unto

the historic Kilkenny cats. For fully half an hour this sanguinary contest continued, and then only two gators and one shark were left of the ighters. Both the former had lost both forepaws each and one of them the greater portion of his tail, while the rover of the ocean seemed to be well satisfied with his share of the fight, having lost a good portion of his big under jaw; his sides and back also showed the deep furrows made by the 'gator's claws. The three survivors of the conflict remained still for several minutes eyeing one another, but none seemed to have any stomach for another round. Finally, after a short interval, the shark turned tail and moved off into deep water, while the two saurians struck out for the flats. The hunters rowed to the spot

and huge pieces of flesh were taken outone of the dead sharks having the bone exposed from his head to the tail, it being racked as clean as if a knife had cut off the flesh. The largest 'gator measured 15 feet 8 inches long, the head alone measuring 6 feet, with a width and openness of jaw in proportion.

## CURIOUS FACTS.

The first Postoffice was established in

A land owner at Elko, Nev., is seeding his ranch to tea. John Gowgne, a printer, published at London, in 1443, the earliest English

treatise on bookkeeping. Books with leaves of vellum were invented by Attalus, King of Peorgamus, about 198 B. C., at which time books

were in volumes or rolls. The signs of the approaching Presidential canvass thicken. A Western house has contracted with a Taunton manufacturer for 200,000 torches for use

this fall. One of the leading stores of Sacra-mento, Cal., has placed seats behind its counters for the accommodation of women and girls while not waiting on

customers. A favorite amusement of the Pope is said to be that of catching birds in a huge net which has been made especially for him. After having played with the birds he sets them at liberty.

A tomahawk, with the blunt end so shaped that it could be a pipe of peace, has been ploughed up lately in a Georgia field, and the odd part is that its sub-stance is not stone, but steel of the very best quality.

For the first time women are employed in the municipal department of New York City. They do pasting in the Comptroller's office. In the District Attorney's office one young lady is employed as a typewriter.

A Charlotte Harbor (Fla.) lady has a small green frog with its home in the calyx of a lily in her room. The little fellow is quite a pet and perches high on the pistil of the flower to receive his dinner, consisting of flies fed to him from the point of a pin. +

Matthew W. Sodam, an eccentric old man, who recently died at Terre Haute. Ind., was buried in a coffin which for twenty-five years he had kept in his bedroom. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully thirty years ago.

Michael Knikomoke, who died in miserable hut in Quincy, Ill., recently at the age of eighty years, was once a Hungarian nohle who was exiled with Kossuth. He was linguist of more than or dinary attainments and was familiar with all the tongues of Eastern and Southern

A large bird that looks somewhat like a crane, dropped down as if from the heavens on the corner of Sixteenth and Carson streets, in Pittsburg, the other dsy. No one who has seen it knows what the strange bird is, but it is supposed to be a German bittern, which is very rare in this country.

Dr. Walter Cheatham, of Dawson, Ga. has a young shepherd dog which makes a practice of catching and eating the common little grass sparrow. birds rarely ever thy high when frightened up, and this dog simply outruns and eatches them before they light. He not only eats the birds but seems to enjoy the sport.

A certain citizen in a far West town possessed the only tree in the place, with a large, strong limb at the proper distance from the ground, which he was in the habit of renting out to lynching parties at \$5 per meeting. The advent of the Western Union relegraph Company, with their long telegraph poles ruined the industry completely and destroped a valuable source of incon the owner of the tree.

A remarkable freak of nature, a mare known as the "Oregon Beauty," was recently on exhibition in Louisville. Her color is sorrel, and that of the mane, tail and forelock a creamy tint is ten feet in length, the forelock four feet, while the tail sweeps the ground. Although the mare is eight years of age, the mane and tail are of only four years growth, having grown an average of two feet a year during that time.

# Queer Dwelling Houses.

The Gilbert Islander does not generally care to have any sides to his dwelling. He sets up four corner posts, about four feet high, made from the trunks of screw palms, cut off and inverted, so as to stand alone on the stumps of the branches. Lashed from one to the other cocoanut palms, and from these again spring pairs of rafters, which, in their turn, support the neatly thatched roof. The gable ends are then closed, and the house is complete. Not a nail or pin of any kind is used. All the beams, rafters and the thatch are secured by ingenious lashings, made generally from the palm leaf fiber, though sometimes braided from the owner's own hair. The floor space is smoothed off and covered with a thick bed of small smooth pebbles or coral. On this are spread plenty of soft, thick mats, made of course from palm leaves, and then with a supply of young cocoanuts at hand, with a string of the shells filled with a good supply of "toddy" hanging outside the house, in a wide oven in the sand, the islander is content to eat and sleep until hungry

In the middle of every village is "council house." This is a large hut, would a huge rat. In another case both one that we measured being one hundwellings, but intended as a place of meeting, especially for the "old men who rule each community. These "po-tent, grave and reverend seignors" meet daily and hear and decide all complaints, ment of the people. If their decisions approval of a majority of those interested they are adopted. If they don't another lot are promulgated the next day, and so on until the matter is settled or dropped .- San Francisco Examiner.

### A Hoop Snake Killed. genuine hoop snake has been cap-

tured by George Milton, a farmer, and now on exhibition at Floris, Iowa. It is about 15 inches in length, is streaked with black and white with a spiked tail, and is of a bronzed color on top of its head. Between the eyes is a small socket in which the end of the spike tail fits when coiled up like a hoop. Mr. Milton was in the field plowing when he saw an object like a hoop roll down and strike his plow beam with its tail. He saw that it was a snake, and when it attempted to roll away he struck it on the head with a club and killed the reptile. Mr. Ramsey, a druggist, has preserved it in alcohol. It is a reptile rarely seen afterward, and they say the bodies of the dead reptiles showed the fury of the encounter. Paws and tails were bitten off snake. - New York Times.

## RELIGIOUS READING.

A Petition.

"Hast thou, my Master, aught for me to do
To honor Thee to-day?
Hast Thou a word of love to some poor soul That mine may say?
For, see this world that Thou hast made so

fair,
Within its heart is sad;
Thousands are lonely, thousands sigh and

weep, But few are glad. "But which among them all is mine to-day!

Oh, guide my willing feet
To some poor soul that, fainting on the way,
Needs counsel sweet;
Or into some sick room, where I may speak
With tenderness of Thee;
And, showing who and what Thou art, O Bid sorrow flee.

"Or, unto one whose straits call not for

words,
To one in want, in need;
Who wills not counsel; but would take from A loving deed.
Surely Thou hast some work for me to do;

Oh, open Thou mine eyes!

To see how Thou wouldst have it done, And where it lies.'

There is no surer or better way to promote a healthful church life than by aggressiveness in missionary work. Differences of opinion will not alienate men who are in earnest to carry the gospel as a saving power to those who have it not. We believe that we have an important mission as a church to plant the institutions of the gospel as we have received them in all parts of this land and among all classes of people. The great-est danger and difficulty in the way of the church are in the indifference and deadness of the people toward the work of church ex-tension.—[Spirit of Missions.

### Bunyan's Bequest.

Bunyan preaching one day said to his people, "When you have your conscience sprinkled with the blood of Christ, when you have an entrance into the holiest—and have liberty in prayer, remember me." And there were many people in his congregation that knew what that meant. Remember I have a great work on hand; a great deal upon my conscience; and remember I have a very vile heart like a fountain in my bosom, and I bring before you tonight Bunyan's peand I bring before you tonight Bunyan's petition to his congregation. I have a great work on hand, and a great deal, God knows, on my conscience. I have a very vile heart here in my bosom. Pray for me, brethren, pray. And may God bless you by showing you how guilt is to be taken off the conscience and kept off in the right way. It was not my tears, my prayers, or reformation, or reparation, or my apologies. It was the blood let out with the spear that did it. Go tonight now, when we sing our evening hymn before we part, to the blood let out with the spear.

out with the spear.

A word to God's people. Remember that what takes off the guilt at first keeps it off. what takes off the guilt at first keeps it off.
That is just for you. I got it for myself today, but I said I will give them a share of
it. The grace that we got at first is the
same grace that will grow till it has received the grace that is to come at His fulness. Bunyan said he had a fountain of
wickedness in his heart. Well, brother, a
fountain deeper, wider, nigher than that,
and that fountain open for sin and uncleanness, will ever flow till it washes out the
fountain of sin in every sinner's heart. It fountain of sin in every sinner's heart. It will flow till you and I and those who come after us are clean.—[Rev. Dr. Alexander

### Cleaning the Corners.

A friend of mine once told me that when he was a boy his father sent him to clean the windows. He got a cloth, and began rubbing away at the panes. By-and-by his father came to see how the work was getting on. He found the little fellow rubbing at the middle of a pane, where it was already clean, and never touching the corners, which were full of dirt; and said, "Never mind the middles of the panes—they are always clean; clean the corners, clean the corners!"

The boy never forgot what his father said, and afterwards saw how well it applied to this life and the lives of others, as well as to the window-panes.

the window-panes.

The most of us are fairly respectable peo-

The most of us are fairly respectable peo-ple, and I trust not a few of us real Chris-tians. We avoid big sins and all sorts of common wickedness; but I fear some of us do not watch enough against little sins and shortcomings, especially we do not give heed enough to the cultivation of the Christian graces, which make life so bright and beau-tiful. We are really very good. We are not We are really very good. We are not thieves, liars, swearers, nor drunkards. We have a character to keep up, and the rub of the respectable world, without much trouble the respectable world, without much trouble on our part, keeps it—keeps the middle of the pane clean, even when there is not much of Christian principle. It costs us no trouble to keep it clean; in fact, I may say it keeps itself clean. But what about the corners in "Oh," you say, "it does not much matter about them; they are but corners—nobody heeds about them." So you leave them to be a spider's den, full of cobwebs and dirt be a spider's den, full of cobwebs and dirt and the remains ot dead flies. But it does matter. It is slovenly housekeeping. Many a bright character pane is all but spoiled by its dirty corners. When people go to look at sunlight through it their eye at once catches the cobwebs, and the very sunbeams seem to have a tint of dirt in them. Many a catches the cobwebs, and the very sunceams seem to have a tint of dirt in them. Many a noble-hearted Christian, whose walk is guided by sterling principle, has his influence for good greatly hindered by some small but objections ble cobweb or dead fly in the corner which he pays no attention.-[The Quiver

# Breaking Bruised Reeds.

Science of a certain kind says we must lay down a law of the survival of the fittest, and f the reeds are broken throw them away. Jesus Christ says, "Throw nothing away;" let us work for the saying of every life and see that we work so carefully with so critical a love and patience that we lose nothing at last but the son of perdition, the son of waste, the child that must go home to the devil. Let us have no rough-and-ready treatment, however, of human life, but let us examine, and separate, and encourage, and cheer, and do what we can, for we are bound to save the last atom; then if we cannot save it we must own what we have lost:
Father, I have lost none but the son of perdition. He did not want to destroy men's lives, but to save them. If men will not be saved even the Son of God cannot save them.

saved even the Son of God cannot save them. To force a mad into heaven is not to fill him with peace and joy; it is to violate the harmony which he cannot appreciate.

"A bruised reed," say some, on instrument called a reed was meant, and there was a rift in it which spoiled the mg sic. Jesus Christ said, we must repair this; comething must be done with this reed; it was meant for music and we must look at it with that end in view. He does not take it saying: There is a rift in the lute and the music is impossible; rend it and throw it away. He impossible; rend it and throw it away. He always looks to see if a man cannot be made something better of. He would heaf us every one. Say to him, O Bruised Reed, if I may but touch the hem of Thy garment, even my life-reed shall be healed, and I will take up God's music again and be glad in God's house

or "a bruised reed" may mean that wild beasts in rushing through the water, or from the flood, have crushed the growing plants so that they are bent, they no more stand up so that they are bent, they no more stand up straightly; but Jesus Christ comes to heal them and restore them. And the smoking flax shall he not quench; he will rather take it up and shake it, as he only can shake, bringing a little more air upon it, and still a little more, but so gradually; see how the spark whitens, how it leaps up into a kind of new life; now watch him how he regulates the shaking, and see how that which we thought was only smoke becomes a flame, bright as fire, useful as a torch, and how it is handed on to the aid of other men.

Alcohol No Respecter of Persons Rev. M. Cookman Brittain, for five years paster of an M. E. Church in Baltimore, and paster of an al. E. Children in the still reported to be a large owner of property in that city, is mentioned by a Western paper [the Woonsocket (Dak.) Times] as havpaper [the Woensocket (Dak.) Times] as having become a victim of the alcoholic appetite, and that not long ago he staggered into the office of a Rockford (Ill.) hotel, and created so much of a disturbance that he was put out, and afterward took refuge in a neighboring butcher's shop and lay down upon the saw-

dust.
This incident, if correctly reported, is an-This incident, it correctly reported, is another striking illustration of the peril of tampering with strong drink in any station of life. The "moderation" theory is as dangerous for a minister as for all who undertake to practice it.—National Temperance

## CLEVELAND ACCEPTS.

The President Formally Notified, of Ris Benomination.

The Notification Committee appointed to give President Cleveland a formal notice of his nomination as President of the United States, accompanied by the members of the National Committee, called at

States, accompanied by the members of the National Committee, called at the Executive Mansion at 2 P. M. on Tuesday. Mrs. Cleveland and the Cabinet members and ladies were present. After short addresses by Chairman Collins, of the Notification Committee, and Hon. Charles P. Jacob, Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Cleveland was handed a handsomely engraved copy of the platform upon which he was nominated. The President bowed his acknowledgements and said:

"I cannot but be profoundly impressed when I see about me the messengers of the national Democracy bearing its summons to duty. The political party to which I owe allegiance both honors and commands me. It places in my hand its proud standard and bids me bear it high is front in a battle which it waves, bravely because conscious of right, confidently because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the people, and soberly because its trust is in the poople and solved in which remains the honor which you tender me is in itself so great that there might well be no room for any other sentiment. And yet I cannot rid myself of grave and serious thought when I remember that party supremacy is not alone involved in the conflict which presses upon us, but that we struggle to secure and save the cherished institutions, the welfare and happiness of a nation of freemen.

"Familiarity with the great office which I

freemen.
"Familiarity with the great office which I hold has but added to my apprehension of its sacred character and the consecration de-manded of him who holds its immense responsibilities. It is the repository of the peo-ple's will and power. Within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and with quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for

right.

'For the sake of the people he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and neefulness of the office it should be kept near to the people and he administered in full sympathy with their wants and needs. This occasion with their wants and needs. This occasion reminds me most vividly of the scene when, four years ago, I received a message from my party similar to that which you now deliver. With all that has occurred since that day I can truly say that the feeling of awe with which I heard the summons then is intensified many fold when it is repeated now. Four many fold when it is repeated now. Four years ago I knew that our chief executive office, if not carefully guarded, might drift little by little from the people to whom it belonged and become a perversion of all it ought to be; but I did not know how much its meanings had already been lessed.

its moorings had already been loosened. [Applause,]
"I knew four years ago how well devised were the principles of true Democracy for the successful operation of a govern-ment by the people, for the people, but I did not know how absolutely necessary their application then was for the restoration to the people of their safety and prosperity. I knew then that abuses and extravagances had crept into the management of public affairs, but I did not know their numerous forms nor the tenacity of

their numerous forms nor the tenacity of their grasp.

"I knew then something of the bitterness of partisan obstruction, but I did not know how reckless and how shameless it could be. [Great applause.]

"I knew, too, that the American people were patriotic and just, but I did not know how bravely they loved their country, and how generous they were. [Applause.]

"I shall not dwell upon the acts and policy of the administration now drawing to a close. Its record is open to every citizen. policy of the administration now drawing to a close. Its record is open to every citizen of the land. And yet I will not be denied the privilege of asserting at this time that in the exercise of the functions of the high-trust confided to me I have yielded obedience only to the Constitution and the solemn obli-gation of my oath of office. (Tremendous applicate)

gation of my oath of office. (Tremendous applausa.)

"I have done those things which in the light of the understanding God has given me seemed most conducive to the good of my country and for the promotion of good government. I would not if I could, for myself, nor for you, avoid a single consequence of fair interpretation of my course. [Applausa.]

"It but remains for me to say to you and through you to the Democracy of the nation.

through you to the Democracy of the nation, that I accept the nomination with which you have honored me, and that I will in due time signify such acceptance in the usual formal manner."

The members of the committee were ther introduced to the President. After a few moments spent in pleasant conversation the committee was invited to lunch in the private dining room, where Mrs. Cleveland presided with becoming grace.

# SIX DROWNED.

One Young Man and Five Young La-dies Lost by a Boat's Capsizing.

Six persons, five of them young women, were drowned by the capsizing of a steam launch on the Passaic River at Newark, N. J. launch on the Passaic River at Newark, N. J.

The party consisted of fourteen men and seven girls, all of Newark. The launch had passed the Central Railroad bridge, near the mouth of the Passaic, when a tug and tow bore down upon it. The pilot of the tug sounded a whistle, and the engineer of the launch responded. The tug and tow passed to the port side, and the launch spection, headed for a stone dike which was concealed beneath a foot of water. The next moment the keel of the launch grated on the dike, and the launch came to a standstill and lurched over a little, Engineer Rothe and Charles Somner got overboard to push the launch off.

little, Engineer Rothe and Charles Somner got overboard to push the launch off.

As the keel slid from the stone dyke it again tilted and the girls became panic-stricken. They sprang from their seats with screams and plunged to the upper side of the launch. In an instant the boat was turned completely over and sank. All the party were thrown out. Saveral life preservers floated on the sank. All the party were thrown out. Several life preservers floated on the water, but they did no good. The girls were thrown in a heap and seized each other about the neck and sank. Engineer Rothe saved Julia Smith by getting her on the dike, and Mary Stecker was saved by Charles Sommer. All the other girls sank and were not seen again. Louis Graff, who were good swipmer also disappeared. who was a good swimmer, also disappeared and it was thought he was dragged down by

one of the drowning girls.

The lost are: Louis Graff, age twenty: Gussie Soatz, age twenty: Gussie Weber, age nineteen; Lizzie Zilliox, age fifteen; Annie Frick, age seventeen, and Minnie Burger, age eighteen.

# PROMINENT PEOPLE

DOM PEDRO has reigned over Brazil for lifty-seven years. THE King of Cambodia and Assam will visit Paris next year.

BISHOP FOWLER, of the Methodist Church,

began his career as a lawyer.

King Humbert, of Italy, is something of BEN BUTLER is so weak that he has to be supported by his colored valet in walking.

ROBERT BROWNING recently refused \$1000 from a Boston publisher for a short poem. GENERAL SHERIDAN'S salary will now be \$13,500, instead of \$11,000, as heretofore.

CYRUS FIELD, the New York millionaire, owns an English title, and may be called Sir THE Prince of Wales is so rushed with social duties that at times he eats as his ser vant changes his toilet.

PRESIDENT SEELYE, of the Amherst Col lege, is said to have a truly phenomen memory of names and faces. Andrew Lang, the well-known English calladist, makes part of his income by writing verses for a soap manufacture.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is the youngest cardinal of them all. He was a Bishop at thirty-eight and an Archbishop at forty-seven. QUEEN VICTORIA is afflicted with insomnia. She is sometimes put to sleep by hav-ing her brows stroked gently with a camel's THE father of General Boulanger was a

money lender, and among his clients was the Marquis de Caux, the first husband of Ade-

THE Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Russian Czar, is said to be able to drink more champagne than any other European Prince, even in Russia.